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Others will be published as they are delivered.
The following are announced:—
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ON THE SUN. By J. Norman Lockyer F.R.S.
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SPECTRUM ANALYSIS. By Professor Roscoe, F.R.S. Delivered November 9th.
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

Last night the Pantomime was preceded by a series of six tableaux, illustrative of incidents connected with war. . . . For the fourth and fifth scenes two famous pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer have furnished the ideas; and it is curious to observe the effect of putting a composition that is familiar on the canvas into the relief of such a tableau as one of these. Into the peculiarities of this effect we cannot enter; but it was certainly startling in the first case, and very beautiful in the second. In "War," the central figure is that of a wounded horse, surrounded by dead men, and backed by the lurid lights of the battlefield. "Peace" is a charming landscape on our own shores, with lambs playing about the old disused cannon that lie upon the cliffs, and children gathering flowers where once desolation had been. . . . The finale consisted of a living statue of Peace, in which capacity Mrs. Calvert recited an ode; and the pedestal, supported by a group representing four very diverse races, intimating that Peace extended her olive branch over all the peoples of the world. The groupings and arrangements of the pictures were under the direction of Mr. Calvert; and he is to be congratulated on the effectiveness of the entire series.

MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

The audience last night was perhaps the most brilliant we have ever seen in this theatre. In every part the house was crowded to suffocation, and even good standing room was difficult to be obtained. The special performance consisted of a series of tableaux illustrative of scenes of the war. The two first of the set of tableaux, "Summoned to the War," and "Another Sortie," are necessarily sombre, but they are well set, and in keeping with the sad reflections which at the present moment and for weeks past have occupied every mind in this country. The third scene, representing "The Prayer in Church," is magnificently set, and though in its nature solemn and still, so pleased the audience that, in reply to repeated demands, the curtain had to be raised upon it a second time. The fourth and fifth tableaux were reproductions, on a magnified scale, of Landseer's well known pictures of "War" and "Peace." The former, depicting with painful realistic effect the carnage of the Battle Field, lit up by the fitful fire of the burning villages of France, was in vivid contrast with the fine picture of "Peace," which is illustrated by the gambols of innocent and mirthful children in a pastoral scene, sheltered by the chalk cliffs of England and bounded by the "streak of silvery sea" which ensures our immunity from the horrors and desolation which form the burden of the previous scenes. This picture must have been to everyone a grateful and a pleasing one.

MANCHESTER COURIER.

Last night a prelude of a somewhat novel and certainly of a most pleasing character was presented to the successful pantomime at this house. The entertainment, formed by a series of illustrative tableaux, was given in aid of the victims of the present devastating war, and drew an immense audience. . . There were six tableaux, and each formed a picture in itself. In our opinion many pieces that have run for scores of nights in London have failed to touch the feelings and excite the admiration of an audience so thoroughly as did the pictorial illustrations of last night.

MANCHESTER WEEKLY TIMES.

The special performance to which we called attention last week was given on Monday evening, and it was literally an overwhelming success.

SALFORD NEWS.

The novelties of the programme were a series of tableaux illustrating incidents in the war. These were singularly effective, and were greeted with much applause.

THE CITY NEWS.

The war and peace tableaux have proved an unequivocal success. . . . The whole of the scenes are extremely effective, and show not only the wonderful perfection to which stage appliances have been brought, but the great resources of the Prince's Theatre, and the enterprise and taste of the management. The pantomime succeeds, and runs with, if possible, more vigour and eclat than ever.

THE SPHINX.

. . . . Each scene is perfect in itself, yet each gains by contrast with the others. The pathos of the two opening scenes and the solemnity of the cathedral prayer, are placed in striking juxtaposition with the lurid tragedy of war, and this, again, with the exceeding loveliness of Landseer's "Dream of Peace" on the southern downs, and the pure serenity of the closing allegory.

EVENING NEWS.

The scenes have been carefully prepared, and their reception last night was characterised by marks of approval which must have been highly gratifying to the Management of the Prince's.

Morning Performances, Saturday, February 18, *and Shrove Tuesday, February* 21, *at Two o'clock, when will be presented the Tableaux and the Pantomime. Prices as usual. Box Office open Daily, from* 11 *to* 2.

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[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE LIAR.

DE QUINCEY has written an Essay on Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts. Perhaps, therefore, one may be permitted to treat Lying after a similar fashion. Our quondam illustrious neighbour in Greenheys afforded us some thrilling illustrations of his theme, very stimulative to the imagination—illustrations which, though not numerous, are so forcible that they would people a Chamber of Horrors by themselves. I cannot give any illustrations of the fine art about which I desire to discourse—or rather, I will not give any, though, if I felt disposed to do so, I also might have a chamber full of interesting characters illustrative of the sublime art of lying, so that any time any young liars called to set up their easels and study from the nude there would always be an electric or thundering liar to answer the bell of the institution.

It will probably be considered superfluous to have any academic arrangements for these persons, inasmuch as the free and accepted, the blythe and the bonny liar is—like the poet—born, and not made. He is *totus teres atque rotundus* as soon as he has turned his seventh year. He tells more lies at thirty than he does at fifteen, not because his mendacity has become mellower, but only because he knows more words, more facts, and more people. He has very little choice in the matter. Assuredly he does not tell lies because he hates the truth, or because the truth would be inconvenient to him. He has no animus whatever against the truth, except that he grew on the other side the hedge and, being there, prefers to remain where he is. It is a thorough misapprehension to suppose that a free and accepted liar is necessarily dishonest throughout. Such a man will not on that account cheat in cotton or swindle at cards; neither will he be necessarily illiberal or ill-natured. He soars far above the mere gossip or backbiter. Tittle-tattle and false witness bearing against his neighbour he takes less delight in than many pious men of my acquaintance, who go about saying that of all things in the world they hate a liar—a statement which, coming from so pure a source, I always implicitly believe. A good honest latitudinarian liar has no personal ends to serve by the exercise of his craft. He would scorn to make money by it—he loves it too well for that—he loves and he lies away, like a knight-errant whose shield, instead of being escutcheoned for the defence of truth and beauty, bears the heraldry of lies and loveliness on its front. A man of this description seeing you in the street, will stop you and commence his lying right off; or he will overtake you, draw his arm through yours, and immediately unrol a map of falsehood respecting familiar men and familiar things which the simple word of the next person you meet may suffice to deface.

Montaigne said that liars ought to have good memories, but a first-class adept in the science has little need for such aid. The disclosure of this untruth does not disconcert him in the least. But even if it did, there are few men who will give themselves the trouble to show up mendacity of the kind. Many men refrain from doing so under the supposition that the gentleman would be offended at the exposure of his romance. Nothing of the kind. The gentleman merely intimates, in a general way, that Truth is not in his line, and that the shoemaker must not proceed *ultra crepidam*. I know two or three men who may be always calculated upon for a supply of the raw material of which I am treating, and as they have what is known at beer taverns as a quick draught, you can always get a foaming tankard of clear lies with a good head on whenever you want a few moments' study of this phase of human life. Do you say it is wrong to tempt Mentirio in this wise? I think not, because if you did not somebody else would. But really the man wants no tempting. It is a necessity of his existence that he must tell lies, and if he could not tell them he would gradually grow lean and pine and die, leaving to his heirs, executors, and assigns a regular crammer as a parting Parthian shot just to be going on with.

If I am asked in what way I should account for this remarkable development of character, I fear I could give no satisfactory reply; but in a sort of rude and rough way I have arrived at the conclusion that this lying spirit is very often due to a great flow of animal spirits and an unusual elasticity of temperament, communicating to the narrow paths of Verity a humdrum sentiment with which the wider and more adventurous precipices and valleys of Untruth compare very favourably. There is frequently a buoyant and jocund air about the free and accepted liar—any one will admit this—hence we hear it said that he has told a thumper or a bouncer, terms which indicate the vigour and force to which I have just alluded. This curious being relieves himself by lying as other men do by singing, or boating, or gymnastic exercises. He is like a monkey in a cage, who looks out for a pendant chain or swing at which he can jump and then go through his exercises; he wants to invert himself and invert as many facts as he can. Should it unfortunately happen that two champions have got hold of the same topic, then and then only do they lose their temper, and quarrel—two monkeys, you see, and only one nut.

Society is very lenient with these men. We constantly hear folks say, "A very nice fellow, but an awful liar." This means that the falsehoods so promulgated are for the most part harmless. And it is of this department of the science of course that I wish now to write—the lying for love, not the lying for interest or for gain. But I would not have it supposed that the liar for love, who does no particular harm ostensibly, does not do so really, although it would take me too long to describe how he brings the harm about. It is after all a poor amusement which one derives from such men; very frequently quite the reverse of amusement. The effect is indeed occasionally inordinately depressing, as unfolding a barren gloom in the soul of the poor creature who so paddles himself along his life stream with such untruthful sculls. Falsehood in this world crops up so plentifully of itself that it is a pity to see responsible men applying fertilizers to it. If I have written a leader in a newspaper and Mentirio announces at an ensuing dinner party that the article in question proceeded from his pen, we are probably neither of us much the worse for the lie. Perhaps no one at the table believes Mentirio, but even if they did the fact cannot thereby be altered. Similarly, if Mentirio declares that a sketch in a comic paper, which every one knows was that of a great master of caricature, was sent in by himself, and not by John Leech, who is prejudiced?

The question, however, after all remains, whether it is quite the thing to permit this prevalent vice to go on entirely without check, as is very much the case now-a-days—whether it would not be better for men of sense and courage to beard these unreal people in the very act of mendacity, pull them up sharp in mid career, and sabre them in *flagrante delicto*, rather than, for the sake of enjoying their abasement, to permit them to prolong their unrighteous antics. The literary liar is only one of many specimens of the science. We have the traveller liar, who not unfrequently is the lion of the social circle, the only lion whom, having

seen, he has not slain. Then there is the hunting stalking liar, who has brought down the antlered monarch of the glen at a distance the mention of which produces a silence as of the grave amongst the decanters, and absolutely stuns the entire party. Is it not the grossest moral cowardice to let these men go on? I think a nonchalant laugh is a very inadequate requital for their pains.

A TOURIST'S GOSSIP ABOUT INNS.

DEAR SPHINX,—I am not a sentimentalist in the matter of inns. I should not like to spend much of my life in them, least of all would I wish, like Sterne, that "the Disposer of all things may so order it that death happen to me not in my own house but rather at some decent inn." Neither from my own experience can I echo that well-known verse of Shenstone's, which says :—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Whate'er his fortunes may have been,
Must sigh to think how oft he's found
Life's warmest welcome at an inn.

Nevertheless, in my nomadic wanderings, I have many times and oft been glad to seek their shelter, and, as the resting places of many a summer ramble, they are the centres of some very pleasant recollections. If adversity makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, travel brings us into association with equally strange inns. For some one conceives an affection, for others an equal degree of aversion, not always in either case dependent upon the fare or the length of the bill, but for the memories with which they are connected. To recall a few of the incidents of travel inseparably linked with hostelries at which I have stayed is the purpose of the present paper.

A recent writer in *Macmillan* recommends all travellers to preserve their hotel bills, promising from their study an amount of pleasure which the paying of them did not seem to warrant. For the philosophy of this advice I can vouch. Hotel bills are usually the only notes of trade I retain at the end of a journey. I preserve them as religiously as I do programmes of concerts, bills of operas, and other like mementoes of pleasant hours. In their perusal I live the past again. Imagination clothes them with a beauty not their own. Around them dwells "the light that never was on sea or shore." I have before me a little pile of hotel bills, collected in all sorts of places in cities, towns, and villages, in the solitudes of mountains far from the busy haunts of men, and on the coasts of seas. So thickly do the incidents they suggest crowd upon me, that the only difficulty is one of selection. Here is a batch from Lakeland, the land of the English lakes I mean, over whose length and breadth my feet have often passed. There is a sweet breath of mountain air about them, and from their matter-of-fact details there spring forth many a form of beauty that remains in the memory a joy for ever. For scrupulous cleanliness, honest treatment, and moderate charges as inns go, commend me to those of the English lakes. In the main you get from them good value for your money. If the charges are high, the provision will be found in proportion. If, in out-of-the-way places, as is often the case, you have no alternative between ham and eggs and mutton chops, you will not be required to pay as though you had dined on venison. In the matter of wines the Lake inns have the reputation of being expensive; but if you are a modest wayfarer, good beer will suit your purpose better, and this you may get in the remotest places at the price it would cost you in Market Street. There is always one thing, however, to be said in favour of what appear to be high charges in tourist-frequented districts. Without the assistance of inns you could not well see or enjoy the scenery, and if you have a table spread for you in the wilderness you must not grudge to pay for it.

The increasing crowd of tourists is changing the character of the inns in the Lake country, and for the worse as regards the tastes of plain old-fashioned folk. The most offensive innovation appears in the shape of "the waiter," with his suit of rusty black, necktie of cloudy white, and the inevitable napkin. In most cases he is to be avoided or only tolerated by necessity. A pedestrian of well-regulated mind must always prefer to be waited upon by a deft-handed comely Phillis, such as one meets with in inns which are half farmhouse, half hostelry, where the daughter of the landlord does not disdain to wait upon the guests. Such an inn is that at Strands, into which two of us were driven by stress of circumstances one memorable night. We had come over from Keswick by Sty Head Pass and through Westdale, had loitered rather too long there in pleasant chat with Ritson, and found ourselves benighted at cross roads, before a guide post that stretched its mute unhelping arms into the darkness. One climbed the post, while the other, after many fruitless attempts with fusees, succeeded in making a flaming torch of a newspaper, by the light of which we read the welcome inscription, "To Strands one mile." There we found our inn, one of the neatest and cleanest of its kind, cheery with good substantial fare, served up with an attention which could not be exceeded for its courtesy. The bill was one of the lightest I have ever seen. We paid more than half the amount for a moderate luncheon at that pretentious hotel in Patterdale, with its verandah, gardens, spacious coffee-room, and white chokered waiter. I shall "gang nae mair" to yon inn unless it be to see if that remarkable waiter has still that awful black eye which adorned his expressive face. How he got that darkened optic, whether in a fight with some refractory guest about the bill or by an accident, is a mystery, but there was a story that it was chronic, for we were told that it had been seen by a visitor the year before. There was something in the manner and look of this man which rendered a timid guest powerless. While his attentions were oily and servile, there was something threatening about them. It was a study to see the way in which he laid down the change, and then, with a half menacing, "remember the waiter, sir," succeeded in transferring it to his own pocket.

The inns of Wales as a rule are inferior to those of the Lakes, being deficient in cleanliness, comfort, and fare. The best are those frequented by artists, such as the Royal Oak, at Bettws-y-Coed, with its sign painted by David Cox, and its marvellous visitors' book illustrated with original sketches by the knights of the palette who have made it their favourite haunt.

Some of the latest fruits of my wanderings were collected in a week along the Wye and in North Devon. Here is a reminder of an hotel at Ross, so cheerless, uncomfortable, and inhospitable, that its dismal associations cast a shadow over the whole place, until, in spite of Pope's eulogium, I am inclined to regard the Man of Ross and all his relics as so much worthless humbug. That inn is no more worthy of the name than the sickly elms that grow from the pew in the church where the much overrated Man is said to have sat. Very much pleasanter memories cluster round an inn known as the King's Head, at Monmouth, where there is a pretty waitress and a merry host. It overlooks Agincourt Square, with its Town Hall and statue of Henry of Monmouth. Sallying out from its door on a magnificent autumn evening, I strolled through the streets of the old town, stood under that grand old Norman gateway on the Monnow bridge, and I saw a sunset resplendant with such a flame-like glory of rose and amber as Turner never depicted. I climbed the ruined fragments of the castle where Henry was born, and peeped into the oriel window of the room in the Priory where Geoffrey of Monmouth is said to have written his Chronicle. *Apropos* to our subject of inns and regarding this said Geoffrey, one is reminded of that pleasant archdeacon of Oxford, Walter Mapes, the English Anacreon, who lived in the twelfth century, and furnished the Chronicler with much of his information. He was a rollicking humourist, with a dash of the profane in his constitution, and wrote in Latin verse what Leigh Hunt has translated thus :—

I devise to end my days in a tavern drinking;
May some Christian hold for me the glass when I am shrinking,
That the cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking,
God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking!

The most unsatisfactory of all inns are those kept by limited companies. Your limited company has neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked, and consequently is not troubled with a conscience. At such hotels the charges are usually exorbitant and the treatment vile. Beyond the money that can be got out of him the visitor is regarded by the servants with the most sublime indifference. Mine host of the true stamp will welcome his visitors' arrival, and, it may be, will shake his head at parting and wish him a pleasant journey, but at the limited hotel you come and go without the slightest interest being manifested in your movements. I remember staying at an inn of this kind at a watering place in Devonshire, where the only genial soul in the establishment who diplayed any human interest in my comfort was the Boots. I

look ruefully at the bill discharged under that inhospitable roof. There are some peculiarities about Devonshire inns that are worth notice. The ordinary people you meet in the country display a native refinement of manner and a courtesy to strangers that surprises a Lancashire man, but this lasts only so long as there are no pecuniary transactions between you. When the latter is the case, a studied coldness and indifference is assumed which probably arises from a feeling of independence. This is very marked upon the innkeepers. They seem also to look with disfavour upon anything that assumes the shape of Sunday travelling. I have before me a bill which I received on a plated salver in the fine coffee-room of the Valley of Rocks Hotel at Lynton, which, by the way, commands a splendid view from its windows of the British channel and the opposite coast of Wales. Along with a friend I had arrived there on a Sunday morning. We had intended to reach it overnight, but midway from Ilfracombe had got lost on "The Hangman," and wandering over Exmoor were compelled, after rousing all the dogs in the hamlet and most of the people, to seek refuge in the rustic litttle inn of Trentishoe. From the frigid coldness of our reception at Lynton, we could not get rid of the impression that it was considered *infra dig* to arrive there on Sunday, travel-stained and on foot. Strolling down in the course of the day to Lynmouth and the gorge of Watermeet, at the Lyndale Arms Hotel, which Kingsley alludes to in his prose idyl, they refused to give us anything to drink because it was Sunday.

But here, finally, is a long narrow slip of paper, that bears upon it the name of the smallest of Devonshire hostelries—the New Inn at Clorelly. As I look at it there comes a vision of a quaint fishing village, perched in the wooded cleft of a hill, its white houses rising roof above roof at an angle of seventy-five degrees, and to a height of two hundred feet from the harbour below. There is another hundred feet of wood above, and beyond that Clorelly coast and the churchyard with many graves of drowned mariners. The trees close the village in on every side, stretching down to the shore. The inn is placed midway in a street which is simply a steep zigzag of stairs, going in one place through a man's home. Our inn has a little balcony in front, with seats, and gay flowers, where you can sit and almost shake hands with the people on the other side of the street. The houses are wonderfully clean, their white fronts being covered with vines and tall fuchsias. Down the street flows a stream which has its source in a pool in the wood above, and slips from stair to stair down into the harbour. The fishermen are tall and strangely handsome men, and very polite to strangers. Down in the harbour are some dozen trawlers or so, which represent the herring fleet of the place. As I look at my bill I sit again with fishermen and coastguardsmen on the ledge overhanging the harbour, and smoke my pipe as I look across the blue sea to Lundy Island, or watch the artist on the tide-deserted stones of the harbour, as he transfers to his canvas that bronzed, weather-beaten fisherman sitting among his nets.

A BOHEMIAN.

[FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK.]

THE HOUSE SPARROW.

[PASSER DOMESTICUS.]

As the dog, with a rare propriety, has been called the friend of the human race, the domestic sparrow may not inappropriately be termed the hanger-on of civilized society. There is, however, a wide difference between the motives that attach these humble followers to their masters, for whilst the former serves man from an inborn affection, the latter only attends him for the benefits he confers. If the truth must be spoken Mr. Passer, though by no means without his good points, is a somewhat impulsive, consequential little person, and serves the race he follows so assiduously chiefly when serving himself. Notwithstanding this questionable character the house sparrow is quite a typical British bird, being bold, pugnacious, busy, and self-reliant, equally at home in town and country, active and industrious after his own fashion, and regularly doing his daily business with a genuine English indifference to wet and cold, storm and sunshine.

Our sturdy ally is closely connected with the important family of the Finches, members of which are found in almost every part of the world. However largely these may differ in size and colour, they possess a general family likeness, and boast, moreover, one feature in common that serves to classify the race, under the generic term of *Fringillidæ*. This feature is the bill, which is short, nearly conical, and of great strength. Both mandibles are equally thick, and when closed, are nearly uniform in length and breadth. To describe this bird scientifically, would be a mere waste of time and an idle parade of knowledge. Rather let us treat him as an old familiar friend, and instead of lecturing at his expense, glance at his private life and public acts; recall the good he does as well as the wrong he suffers; and lastly, follow him across wide oceans and see how he thrives as a colonist.

The sparrow, though celebrated neither for his gift of song nor his personal charms, can yet boast of as many eulogists, historians, and bards as any bird of his size, the nightingale excepted. We hear of him in Hebrew, and find him quite familiarised with excellent Latin; whilst the moderns have a great deal to say about him in learned prose and indifferently good verse. With Barry Cornwall he was a special favourite—a kind of feathered Penates—and of his merits the poet thus sings:—

> He doth follow us
> From spot to spot amidst the turbulent town,
> And ne'er deserts us. His familiar voice,
> His look of love, his rare fidelity,
> Bid us be gentle with so small a friend.
> How much we learn from acts of gentleness!
> Doth he not teach? Aye, and doth serve us, too;
> Who clears our homes of many a toilsome thing,
> Insect or reptile.

How well his surname of domesticus suits him! He is our voluntary associate; lives as it were on terms of intimacy with us, and follows us like our shadow. Do we build a new house in a district never so lonely, the sparrows takes lodgings there as soon as the roof is up; steals a handful of hay, collects stray feathers, and at once proceeds to build his nursery under the most convenient tile. What does this cosmopolite care for new arts and terrific discoveries? They have no terrors for him; he is quite at home on the engine and tender, picks up crumbs by the side of the train during the preliminary snorts that preceed its getting under way, and as for the smoke and roar of the furnace, they only seem to make him more confident and comfortable. Doubtless the rogue laughs in his bill when man calls himself his master, for, to his thinking, the larger biped is only his purveyor in ordinary. Though not a first-class singer, he twitters his morning and evening hymn in soft, low tones. But this is his peculiar style, for when it pleases him he can throw out high and powerful chest notes. His piano is for his friends; his forte for his enemies. We fear the much-enduring public hear him too often in the exercise of his loftier powers, for a more violent, vindictive little monster is not to be found in city or country. Even the policeman sometimes pauses in his professional saunter, looks scandalized at his constant broils and battles, and perhaps thinks it might improve the social condition of the neighbourhood if he were taken to the office. But he condones this excess of duty, and proceeds on his rounds with a dubious smile, which might express either an affectionate, paternal sort of pity for so small a delinquent, or a pleased admiration for the dauntless valour with which this feathered knight does his devoir.

"None are all evil," sang the grandest of our poets; and our "street Arab," for whom no reformatory exists, is not always engaged in annoying or injuring quiet citizens, for he devotes a considerable part of each day to the inspection of our spouts and rain-conductors; pries with his keen eyes into every crack and fissure on the walls of our houses; regularly takes a constitutional in the yard miscalled a garden, and woe to the vermin he sees. Whilst in town, the sparrow is a better domestic insect destroyer than even Mr. Weatherspoon's last and, of course, most successful nostrum; and if it were not for the exertions of our small companion, we should run some risk of being eaten alive.

Barry Cornwall speaks of the subject of our present history as a moral teacher. Prudence and kindness are good things in their way; let us see if we can establish for him any just claim to these virtues. Poor, wary, watchful architects, how many a time have you made us late for lectures when we chanced to be a student at the Dublin School of Medicine. Immediately opposite the western front of the College stands a large and beautiful building, once the Parliament House, and now the Bank of Ireland. Round this ornate structure rises a long row of Corinthian pillars, the capitals of which were, in the opinion of the dingy Dublin sparrows, erected for their common use and benefit. How they used to fight for a niche in that temple of fame in the early

days of March, and what terrible anxiety followed their victories. Materials were to be collected for their nests. Some were gathered in the College gardens and lawns; some—especially refuse feathers swept out of the fishing-tackle shops—were picked up on Essex Quay; but their choice hunting-ground was the car-stand, which supplied them with morsels of hay, and now and then a long straw plucked from the tattered cushions of the crazy vehicles. Once obtained, the little things lost no time in decamping with their booty, winging their way straight for the Corinthian capitals already mentioned. When near home, however, they often encountered the watchful eyes of an idle student whose name it is unnecessary to mention. Then their course was altered: one would pitch on the roof of an army-outfitter on the opposite side of the street; another would light below the parapet of the College, and peep at us over its edge; whilst a third flew towards the western side of the Bank, giving us to understand that his home lay somewhere in that direction. But we knew better, and laughed to see Mr. Passer playing hide-and-seek with a good-for-nothing prodigal who should have been listening to the professor as he descanted on the os innominatum or the tibia. Perhaps their time was even of less importance than ours, at least whilst we watched, we scarcely remember any bird so imprudent as to reveal home secrets.

Jesse, in his *Gleanings*, tells two pretty stories of the kindly nature of our bird. On one occasion a sparrow contrived to get a long piece of worsted firmly fastened round one of his legs, and perching in a tree, to consider probably what was to be done next, the wind whirled the unattached end round a branch and made the spoiler captive, for unquestionably he had purloined the fatal property. Through the whole winter the luckless prisoner was fed and tended assiduously by his mates, and when the spring rains burst his bonds and set him free, great and marked was the rejoicing amongst the entire community. The following anecdote has a more tragic termination. A farmer's boy found a nest of young sparrows and placed them, probably for security, in a trap cage. Great and unexpected was the result, as within a short time he secured forty old birds who had kindly come with food in their mouths to foster and cherish the orphans in their dangerous asylum.

A very pretty quarrel has arisen between agriculturists and philanthrophists on the subject of the diet of sparrows, one affirming his food consists entirely of insects and larvæ, whilst the other as stoutly maintains his whole genius is devoted to the consideration of grain. The truth is, the unhappy creature possesses an excellent appetite, and swallows everything edible that comes in his way. In towns he is content with refuse matter; in villages he enjoys a mixed diet; in the woods and fields he is a hunter, pursuing cockchafers, beetles, spiders, and grubs, of all sorts and sizes, with untiring energy. Let us own the truth. When the corn is ripe, and especially while it stands in sheaves, he has no objection to so dainty a dish; but the farmer denies his right, and burns powder to a large extent in order to drive him off the premises. We think the birds entitled to receive a small part of the wages due to them for their labours through the winter, spring, and summer, when they dug and delved for the thankless owners of the soil, and did more for the growing crops than all the rollers and crushers that pressed or harrowed the fields. Rusticus has no objection to any number of farm-servants, only he forgets that the "labourer is worthy of his hire." The sparrow is a public benefactor; yet—in the dark ages, of course—there have been clodpole clubs formed for his destruction, and Bumbles, in the office of churchwardens, who have publicly offered a poll-tax at the rate of a penny for every five heads. But man, who seldom knows his friends from his enemies, has begun at last to recognize the value of birds in general, and our little brown friends in particular; so we may quit England for a brief space, remarking, as we step on board of the liner that is to carry us round Cape Horn, "truth is great, and will prevail."

Whilst we in the old country were trying to be rid of our feathered farm-servants, our kinsmen in Van Dieman's Land, Australia, and New Zealand were at there wit's end for some means to protect their grain crops from the insect hordes that devastated their fields. Sparrows were imported, and at once took rank as sacred birds. They could go where they pleased, and do what they liked, so they set earnestly about the great business of life—increased, multiplied, and worked with such a will for the friends who appreciated them that they soon cleared the soil of vermin and made the plains so fat with corn that they laughed and sang. Even our transatlantic cousins, who have a habit of estimating men and things only according to their market value, rate our bird at a high figure. Fain would we relate the wonderful cures he wrought on the sick avenues in and around New York, where the luckless trees could not put forth a leaf or blossom that was not at once eaten by caterpillars. But Mr. Francis has told the tale, so we will be silent, wipe our pen, and cook the dinner, *i.e.*, crumble a slice of bread for the clamourous flock that flutter and peck against our study window. Coming, coming, impatient ones; frost and snow have made you more than usually exigeant to day.

CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS WIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me, as a woman, to say a few words on behalf of another woman, whose name years ago, and recently, has been held up to reprobation as far as the English tongue reaches. Privately, I know absolutely nothing of the lady in question, Mrs. Charles Dickens, and I base my judgment of the merits of the case on her husband's published *ex parte* statements concerning their separation. I have never heard a hint of criminal misconduct of any kind against this lady, yet, the manifesto of her husband, published in his journal, and the terms of his will, place her, by inference, almost beyond the pale of moral toleration. Surely this is not right. The public cannot help remembering that the woman, whose name has never been heard during the recent general lamentation, was his companion for twenty-five years and the mother of his twelve children. We do not honour him the less in remembering her, who, surely, must have suffered enough in having once possessed the love of such a man, and then lost it.

Nothing is so difficult to adjudge upon as a quarrel between man and wife. After half a century the Byron affair has set the literary world in envenomed contention; and the Dickens' separation may be as hotly discussed by our grandchildren. Even now, with the weight of the recent loss heavy on our hearts, we cannot help asking ourselves if this lady has not suffered some injustice. No one has raised a voice for her. She is exiled from her children, the sympathy of society, her husband's grave: and he, the rich, popular, famous and honoured, is her accuser; and the bitter feeling comes out most conclusively in his last will. He desires in this that the world should know he allowed her £600 per annum. This was no great liberality with an income of £10,000. He adds that he alone supported his numerous and expensive family. I cannot see that he exceeded the common duty of a married man in so doing. It is not likely that he bargained with her to asist in their maintenance when he made her his wife.

There is a pettiness of mind in his published statements that must deeply pain hundreds, who, like myself, have almost worshipped Dickens; and I assert emphatically that these statements betray an undue personal estimate that must exceptionally lead to undue demands on others. I am sure that most women will agree with me that the bearing of twelve children is almost a hard life's work, and will not leave much spare energy for higher work or metaphysical speculations. Some few women have shone as mothers in the state and queens in society; but their progeny have generally been mentally deficient. Nature it seems will not bear this double activity. Moreover, the accusations as to Mrs. Dickens's domestic management, which went the round of the papers, were such as a large per cent of exigeant husbands might make out. Her husband evidenty desired qualities he had not looked for in the first instance; and we know that for many men a woman loses her greatest charm when she becomes theirs. Her graces soon cloy. Her good points are taken, as a matter of course. *We* women know especially how hard it sometimes is for the mother to maintain her due position in a family of growing daughters; and I am sure that hundreds of my countrywomen will join me in thinking that he who had had the bloom of her life, to whom she had borne twelve children, might have had more forbearance to her loveless middle age. Mrs. Dickens left her husband, as it seems, by her desire. No wonder, since it is plain that her sister long occupied the place in his esteem that should have been hers. It is with pain I bring up the name of this worthy lady, but the indirect stigma flung on Mrs. Dickens in the last will must provoke world-wide comment. Say that she lost her position by her own incapa-

city (nothing more is asserted), is it well or just to parade this before the world in the most solemn document to which mortal hand is put? No; I will not believe it; and I am sure that I speak the sentiments of thousands of English people when I say that it is to be deplored that such utterances went forth to awake misgiving and regret in minds that mourned in the loss of Dickens the loss of a dear friend and consoler.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

A HAPPY MARRIED WOMAN.

[Our correspondent's protest comes rather late, but it deserves, nevertheless, to be recorded.—EDITOR.]

TOWN TALK, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

COLLAPSE OF THE MAGISTRATES.

THE dispute between the magistrates and the Watch Committee has had a very ridiculous termination. Messrs. Rickards and Agnew, after having violently protested that they would bring the matter before the Lord Chancellor, now discover, and announce in the congenial columns of the *Guardian*, that they cannot do so without implicating Messrs. Willert and Nicholls—for which gentlemen they profess to have too much respect to suffer them to be involved in the inquiry. The absurdity of this evasion of their public protestation, on the part o Messrs. Rickards and Agnew is too obvious to need pointing out. But when it is remembered that Messrs. Rickards and Agnew must have been perfectly aware from the very first that any possible inquiry could not fail to implicate the two so-much respected aldermen, that absurdity comes out in full relief. The truth is to be read between the lines of Messrs. Rickards' and Agnew's withdrawal from their bumptious standpoint. They have either found out for themselves, or have been made aware by some more sensible advisers, that the less the pool is stirred the less will be the odour. We congratulate them on the sound discretion of the course they have pursued. True, they look small, as matters are; but they would have looked infinitely smaller, as matters might have been.

VALENTINES AND VALENTINE'S DAY.

Valentines have this year flourished with their accustomed vigour. The amount of folly in the world appears to be a pretty constant quantity. Not that all valentines are folly, or that the festival is altogether a foolish festival. On the contrary, nothing is more graceful than the custom itself, shorn of the vulgarities and absurdities which have encrusted themselves round it. But these are so many and so great that little of the original grace is left, and the old custom is becoming far too much monopolized by the hideous lampoons which confront the weary eye at every turn. But even the missives which are meant to be of a complimentary and delicate nature are very tawdry and commonplace. The eternal allusions to the state of matrimony, the inevitable "day" that has to be named, the everlasting church, and the gilt wedding-ring, are all in horrible bad taste. Great jubilation was expressed last year at the discovery of what was thought to be a charming and original idea—a bird that jumps out of a nest of fancy paper and begins to sing. The consequence, of course, is, this year birds are done to death. And, after all, what meaning is there in the bird? In fact, a general meaninglessness pervades all valentines that do not flatly talk about the day, the service, and the ring; and, perhaps, in the present state of the law as to breach of promise of marriage, it is judicious to be meaningless. But if a body does want to put some idea into his valentine, yet not be coarse, his only plan is to procure an ordinary sheet of paper, and write out his own.

AGGRAVATED CHARITY.

The public well-being is at present suffering from an aggravated type of a not uncommon disease called "fashionable charity." Some time since, the distinctive symptom was "subscriptions for the French and German wounded," of which the larger portion evidently went to the German side, to such an extent, indeed, as to enable the Prussian authorities to dispense with any other field-hospital arrangements than those supplied principally from British sources. Just now, however, the simplest diagnosis shows "subscriptions for starving Parisians and Peasantry." The usual gifts from those who like to give, the usual speech from the man who likes to speechify and not to give, and the money comes in and is packed off to that Avatar of municipality, the Lord Mayor. And all this at what cost? Surely at the expense of our own poverty-stricken and sick folk, and with the demoralization of the true charitable instinct in our breasts. The sneer of charity at home, and there only, falls with blunted point. The charity that begins at home should embrace all objects within her ken and power, and like the finger of a clock "run the great circle and be still at home." As it is, the money and clothing sent abroad are merely taken away from the sick and wounded among ourselves. Say, you managers and treasurers of all Manchester benevolent institutions, charitable, religious, and such like, have not your funds minished in woeful proportion to the money and goods sent away, and upon which the Prussian official, restored from the Infirmary by the gifts of your ordinary benefactors, strives everywhere to lay his claw, growling the while curses not loud but deep on the senders? What has become of the £200 a month deficiency in the District Provident Society's receipts? And of the clothes which would formerly fill a cart and can now be carried by one man, "under his arm," as the old song says? It is the suffering poor here—who were warmed and clad by these gifts, but are so no longer—who are really giving to the distressed French, not those who parade in the subscription lists, nor the economical flunkeys who jump up behind the local aristocracy at the Town Hall.

OUR LOCAL M.P.'S AND THEIR ARMS.

The *Herald and Genealogist*, reviewing Debrett's *House of Commons*, is slightly sarcastic on a few of our M.P.'s and their armorial bearings, while it rather chides others on their too great modesty in not bearing arms when they are clearly entitled to do so. Mr. Hugh Birley's coat is one unknown to heralds; so is Mr. Rathbone's, of Liverpool; Mr. F. B. Smith, M.P. for Stockport, has assumed, with a change of tinctures, the coat granted to Smith, of Gloucester, in 1614; Mr. Hick, of Bolton, that of Hicks; while Mr. Peter Rylands, M.P. for Warrington, out-Herods Herod by assuming the "very singular" coat of Bromley, of Badington, county Chester. Doubtless, the arms of many other M.P.'s, if examined by an expert, would be found to suggest the familiar advertisement: "For Family Arms, send name and county. Plain sketch, with heraldic description, 3s. 6d.; coloured, 5s." Among the voluntarily armless M.P.'s is Mr. W. J. Legh, the member for East Cheshire, and representative of one of the oldest families in the county.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS ON 'CHANGE.

9.—VETERANS.

SUPERFLUOUS lags the veteran on the stage, is a phrase which we should not like to apply to any of the oldest subscribers and frequenters of the Exchange. On the contrary, as "the hoary head is a crown of glory to its possessor," so are the veterans of the Exchange the pride and satisfaction, the "round and top of sovereignty" of that institution. As it is with judges, politicians, soldiers, bishops and comedians, who survive their early contemporaries, so also are the commercial veterans usually made of sterner stuff, are constitutionally closer in the grain, and possess more equable tempers, or, in addition to these qualities, have probably taken better care of themselves than those who have prematurely succumbed. There is a greater air of repose, and frequently of more cheerfulness, among the veterans than among the younger men who are in the thick and heat of the battle, and are fiercely elbowing and jostling each other in the competitive contest, and struggle for a livelihood, if not for a fortune. The veterans have generally got beyond that, and though they cannot abstain from visiting their old haunts, it is more from the force of habit, or a desire to learn what is going on, or simply because they have nothing better to do, than from any necessity to remain as participators in the fray. To these however there are exceptions. A few veterans keep it up to the last, and like Macbeth, resolve to die with harness on their backs. Some also, who, like the usurping Thane, have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and on whom the fortunes of war have not smiled, are from sheer necessity compelled to go struggling on to the end,

although they know full well that victory is not for them. But of these we shall have more to say presently.

The veterans may be divided into three classes. First, the successful generals, who have retired altogether from active campaigning, and merely flit about the scenes of their former triumphs, reading the papers, poking their noses into share lists, and discussing, in a perfunctory sort of way, passing events. Startling telegrams involving changes of dynasties, excited cotton reports, panics on the Stock Exchange, panics abroad, and panics at home, have very little effect upon these enviable veterans. They see their property in shares and stocks go up and down with the greatest equanimity, for they are not speculators, and the fluctuations which keep other campaigners in a fever of excitement, hope, and despair, are received by them with comparative indifference. After all, these fluctuations make very little difference to a man whose property, or part of whose property, is invested in Midlands, North Westerns, Yorkshires, and what not, if he holds his shares entirely as an investment. One month he appears so much richer, and another so much poorer, and that is about the sum and substance of it. An experienced old veteran knows better than to buy when stocks are unusually high, or to sell when they are unwontedly low, so that he does not bother himself about the matter. If he finds things unprecedentedly depressed, and everybody else selling, our veteran, if he happens to have any spare money lying idle, may occasionally buy a few shares and add them to his original stock; but he rarely sells, unless he begins to entertain a bad opinion of his investment, and then he generally makes a clean sweep of it, and washes his hands of the whole concern. This is about the whole extent of business with which our retired veteran concerns himself on 'Change, and for the matter of that, by instructing his broker, he could manage the business by never going near the place.

These jolly old veterans are about the wisest and most prudent men on 'Change. It is given to few to know when to retire. Some prefer to remain hard at work to the end. Some want just one other good spell; some cannot make up their minds to get out at a sacrifice, and some lose every penny they have in the world, and leave it as poor as when they were born. The commercial world is not exactly the abode of affluence, luxury, and bliss which outsiders appear to think it is. Of all the men struggling to make fortunes but few succeed. Money-making requires a special aptitude; industry, judgment, boldness, and a combination of qualities given only to a few. But commercial men are neither cleverer, nor wiser, nor even better men of business than their neighbours, and the musing of the melancholy moralist are as applicable to them as to others—

> At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
> Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
> At fifty chides his infamous delay,
> Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
> In all the magnanimity of thought
> Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

Another class of veterans are those who voluntarily remain in business to the very end of their days. Possibly they find it difficult and almost impossible to make satisfactory arrangements how to retire, just as some people are puzzled how to make a will, and leave the law to make it for them. A tremendously hard-headed shrewd set of men are these veterans, of whom there have been, and still are, a fair number of specimens on 'Change. Business has become to them a second nature, and probably if they were to give it up entirely they would feel the want of the stimulant, not know what to do with themselves, and die from sheer exhaustion. There are plenty of instances of such veterans who have retired, but have nevertheless returned to their places of business and gone on as if nothing had happened.

The third class of veterans includes those maimed warriors who have got sadly mauled in the battle of life. Covered with wounds, they have neither fortunes nor pensions to fall back upon. Hard work is it for these battered and worn-out veterans to go the tremendous pace of the present day. Few of these broken-down old campaigners are to be met with on 'Change, probably because they find they have no chance there, but we fear that outside, their name is legion. Thackeray, in *Vanity Fair*, has given so faithful a description of such an unfortunate veteran that we cannot forbear giving a short extract here:—"Good old John Sedley was a ruined man. His name had been proclaimed as a defaulter on the Stock Exchange, and his bankruptcy and commercial extermination had followed. * * * Mr. Sedley's speculations in life, subsequent to his bankruptcy, did not by any means retrieve the broken old gentleman's fortune. He tried to be a wine merchant, a coal merchant, a commission lottery agent, &c. One by one, his friends dropped off, and were weary of buying dear coals and bad wine from him; and there was only his wife in all the world, who fancied when he tottered off to the city of a morning, that he was still doing any business there. At evening he crawled slowly back; and he used to go of nights to a little club at a tavern, where he disposed of the finances of the nation."

Some of the veterans of the Exchange who have lately passed away are still fresh in our memory. Within the last year justice was done in these columns to two old worthies, Mr. Thomas Fielden and "The Old Editor," by one who knew them well. Singularly enough, both these veterans had a rustic look about them. Mr. Fielden generally stood with at least one hand thrust deep into his breeches pocket, and looked more like an eminent breeder of sheep and cattle, or successful grower of roots and cereals, whom one might come across at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, than a merchant-manufacturer on 'Change. The Old Editor's chief business at the same place seemed to consist of reading the *Globe* newspaper, which he continued to do to the last, notwithstanding its change of politics and shape. Probably he had infinitely greater pleasure in angling for perch and trout than in either writing or reading leading articles. Another worthy old habitué has disappeared within the last year, also as rustic and healthy as the foregoing, notwithstanding the eighty summers which he had passed. Mr. Peter Eccles, who was a very prosperous cotton-spinners and merchant, was also a successful gardener, and he had such a smooth, ruddy, boyish face that he always reminded us of one of his own apples or peaches. Breakfasting at seven o'clock every morning, and taking an early train from the place denoted by the name we have given him, Mr. Peter Eccles was about the first person to go on 'Change, which was immediately after the doors were opened. He left business about three, and went to bed at nine. A worthy old gentleman was Mr. Peter Eccles, who had seen as much of the cotton trade as most people of the present day. Being a prudent man, who was not easily led into speculations, he confined himself to his own business, but would buy cotton if he thought the time was come with the greatest pluck and spirit. If he had not a favourable opinion the arch-tempter himself could not have induced him to buy.

Time is fast dimming the lineaments of another old familiar veteran, who has been gone some years. Old "Sell and Repent," and "My Mind's Made Up," were before our time, although their quaint old figures are known to us by certain sketches which we occasionally encounter; but most of our readers who attended the Manchester Exchange some years since must recollect old Mr. John Cheeryble (not one of the brothers of that assumed name), but we can think of no other which suits him so well. You could scarcely go on 'Change at any hour of the day without encountering the portly person of old John Cheeryble, whose good-natured face was always on the broad grin. Of the middle height, Mr. John Cheeryble, was addicted to large-made, capacious, swallow-tailed coats, and drab inexpressibles. Likewise did he affect a soft white cambric neckerchief, with limpish ends. Likewise did he always wear his hat half-sideways on the back of his head. If Mr. John Cheeryble was not to be seen about the middle of the room when it was crowded, he would always infallibly be found in one of the side alleys, or seated at one of the windows in conversation with some one he knew, and he knew most people, cottonopolitan and provincial. If he was not to be seen, then the probability is that he was to be heard, for as Mr. John Cheeryble was very deaf, he had acquired the habit of speaking in a very loud tone; not in the harsh style after the manner of the Greeks and other distinguished foreigners, but in a full, mellow tone, as if sound old port and maraschino had given a ripe fruity flavour to his voice.

Gradually are the veterans of the old school being pushed off the stage, and as yet, we can hardly reconcile ourselves to their successors. Successors! What a suggestive idea! What if we ourselves and our generation are beginning to be regarded as veterans? Possibly enough; it is difficult to draw a hard and fast line betwixt youth, manhood, and old age. We have still, however, a few specimens of the old school remaining, alive and in the flesh. Let us appreciate the Nestors, while we have them. The figure of a stalwart veteran rises, hoary-headed and with a stoop of the shoulders, but as clear in his head and as strong on his

legs as ever. He is a financier of note, and is much consulted by his associates, of whom he generally forms the centre. He looks more like a large sheep farmer whom one might see standing up during prayer in a Scotch Kirk, among the Lammermoor hills, than an English merchant and Anglo-American banker. Taking a final look at the price lists, he pulls off his spectacles, and vanishes "out at the portal."

Who is he that cometh from the North, with fine spinnings from Bolton? His head is white with the snows of winter, and his cheeks are ruddy with the breezes of the moors and the rich grape of the South. Factories and engines are his, and he delighteth in the loom and the spindle. His pockets are lined with lucre, and ingots swell the coffers of his vaults. He buyeth the estates of the nobles, and re-buildeth his parish church. Flocks and herds are his, and he raiseth the crops in due season. The grouse and the partridge are his, and he bringeth down the pheasant at a long shot. He baggeth the hare as she runs, and the conies he shoots at his leisure. In times of panic he mounteth the steam horse, but Black Care sitteth not behind the rider. He journeyeth to the banks of the Mersey, and the early bird picketh up the cotton worm. He wireth into the needy seller, and replenisheth his stores with the staple of the Savannahs. The Egyptians are his and the New Orleanists, and the Sea Islanders are his for a possession. Mosesgate is his washpot, and over Bolton has he cast his shoe. Who is he that cometh from the North? Men and merchants, where is his local habitation, and what is his name?

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

A SKETCH OF OUR CHOIR.

JUST as we dwellers in Manchester have as a community obtained a reputation for patronising the arts as represented by painting and sculpture, so have we also acquired some little renown as a musical and music-loving people. Our title to the distinction of possessing so refined and refining a taste as the love of music, rests on a tolerably good foundation, Without counting the concert-hall gatherings, at which of course music alone is worshipped, or the numberless occasional concerts and musical entertainments which are advertised, or even noticing the great care bestowed upon the choral part of the service in most of our churches where paid singers are employed, were there no other reason for crediting us with an appreciation of melody, the continued support which has been afforded for such a long series of years to Mr. Hallé's admirable concerts would in itself be sufficient. Our title to be considered as a musical people, however, is a much more doubtful one. It rests mainly on the number of singing societies, choral unions, amateur concerts, and voluntary choirs, which have sprung into being since the introduction here, some ten or fifteen years ago, of the Tonic-Sol-fa system. Although many of our present singing societies would scorn to be considered as emanating from that agitation, and would proudly proclaim that they sing only by the old system, such undoubtedly was their origin. But without debating the source, and in view of the result only, we may perhaps be more appropriately termed a "singing" rather than a "musical" community, there being between the two terms a distinction with a difference.

In a former paper we remarked that true patronage of the arts implied a sincere love for them and for the truth and beauty which they embody. Pursuing the idea, we may further observe that if such attributes make the true patron they are also necessary to the composition of the true artist. One reasonably expects from the latter an absorbing and somewhat unselfish devotion to his art, and a continual exemplification of much of that of which his art is but an expression. Indeed, without some such devotion on his part, complete success may be pronounced unattainable. How far such qualities are displayed by the singing community of Manchester—by which we mean particularly the voluntary choirs, inasmuch as professional singers are universal property—is a question for consideration.

Our chapel is a Dissenting place of worship. It belongs to the Congregational denomination. We need scarcely add, therefore, that our choir is a voluntary one, or in other words, that it gives its services. It is composed of one or two very dry bass voices, one or two tolerable tenors, several passable trebles, and a couple or so of boys who sing in a nasal key. The services which this company volunteers to give consist in being present on the morning and evening of every Sunday, in a small gallery in front of the organ in our chapel, for the purpose of "leading" the singing. Lead the singing it certainly does, inasmuch as our congregation, being a somewhat old-fashioned and steady-going one, refuses to be dictated to in the matter of time by any choir on the face of the earth, and is usually about one and a half bars behind the voices in the organ-gallery. Sometimes our choir waits for the congregation at the beginning of a line. If, however, it should happen to be a wet Sunday morning, and the occupants of the pews consequently few, our choir pushes on to the end of its work, and the contest for the first place is observed to be going on between the various constituents of the choir itself. In this case, however, the struggle is not with regard to time, but to loudness. The result is that we get a sort of medley composed of bass, tenor, treble, and the before-mentioned nasal noises. The chapel being large, however, and the choir comparatively only weak, distance lends enchantment to the sounds by modifying them a little.

But though it may be gathered from the foregoing that our choir cannot sing very well, that notable body can quarrel admirably. On an average the members have an amicable dispute at the beginning and end of each service, and should occasion call them together during the week their musical existence is enlivened by a few quarrels more. Not only do they quarrel with themselves—they may often do that with reason—but with other people also. What they quarrel about is usually a most difficult matter for an outsider to understand, but if it be remembered that our choir claims for itself a surprising number of privileges—privileges to be unlike all other people, and to do what no other people would do—privileges to be disagreeable and tyrannical, obtrusive and rude, it will be seen that our choir can find plenty of opportunity for exercising its powers of antagonism. Inadequate as the full strength of the choir is, the volume of human sound coming from the organ gallery is sometimes smaller than usual. This occurs when one half of our choir is absent, in consequence of a trifling disagreement with the other half. Should what our choir calls its dignity be in any way interfered with by its leader or by the congregation, or should any party in the church or schools appear in the least degree insensible to our choir's surprising talents, it is more than probable that some Sunday morning, at the beginning of the service, the singing gallery would be found to be entirely empty.

Added to this propensity of our choir's of not singing when it isn't pleased, it has another equally peculiar one of very often singing when the exercise doesn't please anybody else. If, for instance, you are travelling with a cheap trip in Whit-week, or at any other time, and hear a company of singers continually bawling that they're "going home," or unweariedly indulging in rounds for ever so many voices, you may take it for granted that the noise proceeds from our choir. Or, if, having arrived at your destination and accomplished your pedestrian ramble, you drop into some snug farm house in the hope of quietly resting your tired limbs and satisfying the inner man, while through the open window you inhale the country fragrance and listen to the music of the birds; if, we say, while indulging in the contemplation of these enchanting prospects, you are disturbed by an unceasing roaring in a neighbouring room, you may again feel perfectly certain that you are in the vicinity of our choir; while, should you find yourself travelling smoothly homewards, having got into your train without a headache, you may congratulate yourself that our choir has not arrived at the station, and is left behind for a later train.

At all entertainments, soirées, tea-meetings, and the like in connection with the chapel, our choir has a monopoly; and the introduction of any eminent or able singer on such occasions, no matter what might be the laudable object to be served thereby, would be resented by our choir as an unpardonable affront.

That "our choir" is only a type of very many Manchester choirs will be evident to all who know anything about the matter. Indeed, voluntary singing in connection with religious institutions does not appear to be a success. Perhaps complete success is more than can reasonably be expected. The amount of time required for efficient training is so considerable, and constant regularity so necessary, that in this, as in several other branches of religious ministration, if thorough performance is to be obtained, the labourer must be considered to be worthy of his hire. Many people would not be justified in devoting to the study of music that ardour which is necessary for the perfection of an artist without receiving

some remuneration in return. Moreover, a paid choir is at least under the control of its conductor. But admitting all this, there still remains a curious contradiction in this matter of voluntary singing. One would suppose that when people devote so much of their time to an art, as even voluntary choirs do to theirs, without fee or reward, pure love for that art must be the actuating motive, and the musical careers of such associations be distinguished by harmony of life and action, and a living pleasure in sweet sounds from whencesoever proceeding. That men should delight to surround themselves with the beautiful creations of the pencil, the brush, and the chisel, and yet be ignorant of what beauty is and means, seems an anomaly; but that people should indulge from choice in the study of music, and the exercise of its most sublime faculty, the expression of the sentiments of devotional praise, and, at the same time, be conscious of no higher feelings than those of mutual jealousy and self-conceit, is perhaps a greater anomaly still.

MANCHESTER SOCIETIES.

2.—THE MEDICO-ETHICAL.

THE Medico-Ethical Society was established in 1847, so, though considerably younger than many of its kindred societies, it may now fairly be said to have reached its maturity. It would be invidious to attempt to ascribe the honour of its foundation to any particular man or men, but it is only right to mention that Mr. John Wilson and Dr. Stone were prominent for the interest with which they helped to launch the boat. Sir James Bardsley was for a long time president, but younger blood now occupies the chair.

Although the *Official Manual* does not recognize the Medico-Ethical Society, it is one on which the public is, almost insensibly, but none the less actually, dependent for a good deal of its comfort both in sickness and in health. On the due observance of the ethics of the medical profession by the members of that profession much more depends than at first sight appears. The legal profession has ethics peculiar to it, and some of them are protected by law. The clerical body has its ethics too, and so have a few of the artistic professions, but none of these are as special or important in their character as those peculiar to the medical men. Medicine is a science founded "on a basis of facts furnished by empiric observation, but which systematizes completely and roundly, leaving no vacant spaces." It is at once experimental, empirical, and eclectic, and, indeed, is rather a faculty than a science. Had Medicine merely the position of Geology, no system of ethics would be necessary; but, instead of fossil remains and rocks and minerals, human beings are the objects on which and for which it speculates. The system of payment, individual or public, also complicates the medico-ethical system. It is almost impossible to summarize, but practically the following state of things has arisen. The State, in the interests of the people, has insisted on proper and sufficient medical education; and, in return, has partially protected and privileged such persons as comply with her conditions, thus giving rise to state medico-ethical relations. Then comes the etiquette between doctors themselves, between doctors and their patients, and lastly, their general bearing and conduct to the public at large. The world is rather given to sneer at what it terms the petty jealousies of the medical profession; but the unwritten laws which prevent or ought to prevent one medical man reviling his brother, or visiting his neighbour's patient, or becoming a quack or a "bonesetter," are, one and all, more protective to the patient than they are to the doctor. In no profession are the members so dependent on each other's forbearance and assistance. The knowledge of thousands of workers must be condensed into one mind ere it will of itself be of any use in the healing art. Ill people are peculiarly susceptible of nervous impressions, and the readiest means of supplanting A is for B to suggest a little error of judgment or a mistaken diagnosis. As a whole, the *esprit de corps* among medical men is very strong, and nothing tends so much to preserve this *bon esprit* as frequent contact with each other. It is notorious that country medicos are much more frequently at loggerheads than are their town cousins; and this is partly the result of isolation, and partly due to other, and often monetary, considerations. However, it is a fact that, just in proportion to the non-frequency of collective meeting, the professional isolation of country practitioners will be found.

To keep the profession as it were, up to the mark, and to protect its interests in its legal and State relations is the end, object, and being of medico-ethical societies. In furtherance of this object the Manchester Society has, since its foundation, done good work. Disputes between individual members have fortunately been few, and have all been amicably settled through the medium of a medical court of arbitration. The interests of the profession in its relation to the State have been zealously watched. The various medical bills, and also those promoted by the Pharmaceutical Society, have been amended or opposed as they were unprotective of or entrenched upon the lawful liberties of qualified medicine. The chemists have been long insidiously encroaching on the medical domain proper, and now having for a long time usurped the rights of the Apothecaries' Company, chemists seem not unnaturally anxious to get their thefts protected by charter. A chemist may often safely prescribe for a "mere cold," but oftener the mere cold has a deeper origin than the untaught chemist can fathom. By all means encourage chemists in their legitimate line; but the Medico-Ethical Society certainly deserves well of the public for its spirited opposition to ignorant presumption. Connected with this subject is another on which the Society has spent not a little time in debate: the question of how far it is ethical for qualified men to keep unqualified assistants. Without coming to any definite conclusions the Society has practically condemned all but *bona fide* apprentices or assistants, that is, it expects all assistants to be under the immediate supervision and teaching of the principal, and not to be kept for mere purposes of gain, or to be vicarious, or to manage branches.

Again, the first successful prosecution against the abominable and filthy quacks with whom this city abounds, and whom some of our contemporaries delight to honour, was conducted by this Society; and the immediate result was that all the pseudo "doctors" immediately altered their plates and bills. Quacks fatten on the unsuspecting but foolish, and the result is depletion of purse and ruin of constitution. For their services in this, and for trying to check the indecent handbill nuisance, the Society again deserves thanks, and it is only to be regretted that magistrates do not all interpret the acts of parliament in the same light. As it now stands some benches hold that all the Medical Act forbids is the assumption and exhibition of a claim to be "registered." We hold, with the Society and their legal adviser, the assumption of the title "doctor" or "surgeon" by unqualified persons to be the offence contemplated by the Act.

Another great good done was the settlement, on a fair and equitable basis, of the vexed question of medical fees. A minimum tariff based on the house rental was decided upon, and is to this day loyally observed by the majority of Lancashire medical men. Of no little importance to the general public was this equitable settlement of medical fees. The question of payment by the poor is, however, yet unsettled, and in the shape of sick clubs crops up very unpleasantly every now and again.

To enumerate one half of the doings of the Medico-Ethical Society, or to discuss its discussions, would demand too much space. The past has been prosperous, and we hope the future will be equally auspicious. One evil, however, the Society must carefully guard against. Some of its new blood has introduced new elements not strictly medico-ethical into its debates. We fail to see how Special or Fever Hospitalism can be connected with such a Society, unless indeed for condemnation. Let the Society beware of the danger of becoming a society for the promulgation of the hobbies of individuals. It has plenty of work cut out for it in its own proper sphere. Let it have another crusade against the Quacks; let it consider the mal-administration of hospital appointments, and seek to re-model and extend existing institutions rather than scatter little bloated frogs up and down. The specialism which now exists is detrimental to all high medical education, but we willingly admit that it has been almost a necessity, forced by the dog-in-the-manger and unethical conduct of some of the elders in the profession. The new relations of the State to medical men, sketched outby the President of the Royal Sanitary Commission, also demand pressingly the consideration of the Society.

As a matter of course the Medico-Ethical Society is exclusively composed of legally qualified men. Homœopaths only are excluded. Whether this last step is wise we will not here venture to say. No restrictions can be placed in the path a legally qualified man determines to follow, and we incline to the opinion that the Society should not exclude any of this class. Would it not be well—if they are mistaken, or, as Allopaths put it, "either fools or knaves"—to enlighten them or to crush them?

One subject had almost escaped us. The question of the legal respect of medical confidence is a most serious one. How far the medical man may abuse such confidence a recent divorce case painfully showed, but the public have a right to know to what extent the seal of confession applies to confidences reposed by the patient in his medical attendant.

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3-8 Size Doyleys, 1s 4d to 3s 9d per dozen
25 dozen 8-4 Size Half-bleached Damask Cloths, at 3s 11d, usual price 4s 11d
5-8 Size Table Napkins, 2s 11d, 3s 9d, and 4s 11d, and up to 14s 9d
A Lot of Soiled Table Linen, very cheap.

Household Linen Department.

Lenо, Lace, and Muslin Curtains.

300 Pairs, 3 yards long, at 1s 11d, 2s 9d, 3s 11d, to 7s 9d
420 Pairs, 3½ yards long, at 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11, to 15s 9d
260 Pairs, 4 yards long, at 6s 11d, 8s 11d, 10s 9d, to 45s
Swiss Embroidered Curtains, 4 yards long, 21s to 63s

Pure Finished Long Cloths.

20 Pieces, 32 inches wide ..... at 3½d
25 Pieces, 32 inches wide ..... at 4½d
24 Pieces, 36 inches wide ..... at 5½d
30 Fine Washed Long Cloth ..... at 2½d
Horrocks's Long Cloths 4d to 6½d, Crewdson's 5½d to 7½d, Findlay's 4½d to 6½d per yard.

Lancashire, Welsh, and Saxony Flannels.

A Lot of All Wool Shirting Flannels at 10½d, worth 1s 3½d
20 Pieces of 1¼-yard wide Washing Damask 1s 0½d, worth 1s 6½d
12 Pieces ¾ yard wide Nursery Diaper 5½d to 9½d
40 Dozens Linen Towels..... at 2s 6d per doz
50 Dozens Linen Towels..... at 3s 6d, worth 5s 6d
250 Print Dresses, of 8 yards at 3s 9d, usual price, 5s 9d
Higher-priced qualities very much reduced

Mantle Department.

Having just purchased the entire Stocks of Two Eminent French Manufacturers, consisting of Rich Lyons Velvet, Cloth, and other Jackets and Mantles, we shall offer them with the remainder of our Winter Stock during the Sale, at the following exceptional prices :—

Mantle Department—Continued.

Loose Silk Velvet Jackets, 35s 6d, usual price, 45s.
Loose Silk Velvet Jackets, 49s 6d, usual price 63s
Loose Silk Velvet Jackets, handsomely trimmed, 3 and 4 Guineas, usual price 4 and 5 Guineas
Fitting Silk Velvet Jackets, handsomely trimmed, 4 Guineas, usual price 5 Guineas
Very Handsome Pattern Jackets, of Rich Lyons Velvet, 5 Guineas, worth 8 Guineas
Our Very Best Pattern Velvet Jackets, 7 Guineas, worth 10 Guineas
Loose Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 10s 6d, ordinary value 15s 6d
Loose and Semi-fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 15s 6d, ordinary value 21s
Loose and Semi-fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 21s, ordinary value 31s 6d
The New "Coattee" All Wool German Cloth Jackets, 31s 6d, ordinary value 45s
Loose or Fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 42s ordinary value 55s
Loose or Fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 49s 6d, ordinary value 63s
The colours in the above are choice shades of green, brown, claret, mulberry, blue, &c., &c.
A Special Lot of French and German Black Cloth Fitting (Pattern) Jackets, at 2 and 3 Guineas, worth 4 and 6 Guineas
Ladies' and Children's Waterproof Cloaks, in every fashionable shape and colour, at very reduced prices during the Sale
A Lot of Real Sealskin Jackets (choice Skins), at 7 and 9 Guineas, price earlier in the season 9 and 12 Guineas
Superior Dogskin Jackets, at 3 and 4 Guineas, worth 5 and 6 Guineas
A Manufacturer's Stock of Opera Mantles, various styles and colours, all at 6s 11d each, the ordinary price would be 21s

Shawl Department.

The War has been, as will be well understood, the cause of immense sacrifices on the part of the Lyons manufacturers, famed for their beautiful and costly designs in Woven Long and Square Shawls; we have several lots which will be shown along with the products of the manufacturers at Paisley, at prices greatly to the advantage of buyers. The prices commence at 1 Guinea, and upwards to 12 Guineas.
120 Queensland Wool Shawls, at 6s 11d, ordinary price 10s 11d
70 Queensland Wool Shawls, at 9s 11d, ordinary price 15s 6d
50 Reversible Wool Shawls, at 19s 6d, ordinary price 29s 6d
35 Reversible Wool Shawls, at 25s 6d, ordinary price 35s 6d
A lot of Elegant Wool Shawls, novel designs, at 29s 6d, worth 2 Guineas
An extraordinary purchase of the Finest Saxony Wool Scarf Shawls, in all the Scotch Clans, at very reduced prices.
The stock of Black Lace, Grenadine, Llama, and Cashmere Shawls, Mantles, and Jackets, will be sold at immensely reduced prices.

Silk Department.

Black Silks.

We have during the past month concluded extensive and advantageous purchases of Black Silks, the manufacture of C. J. Bonnet and Cie, and C. M. Teillard and Cie, of Lyons, who possess a world-wide repute for purity, richness, and durability of make.
The prices are 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d, 7s 11d, 8s 11d, and 9s 11d per yard, all guaranteed, and doubtless ere long these goods will be very scarce and dear.

Silk Department—Continued.

Black Silks, of English manufacture and excellent value, at 21s, 25s 6d, 29s 6d, 35s 6d, 39s 6d, 42s, 49s 6d, 55s 6d, 59s 6d, and 63s, the Dress of 12 yards, or any length cut.
A Lot of Black Figured Silks, from 3s 11½d to 5s 11d per yard, much under value.

Coloured, Fancy, and Plain Silks.

A Lot of Coloured Silk Dresses, 12 to 14 yards, 39s 6d, worth 47s 6d
A Lot of Self-coloured Broche Silks, 12 to 14 yards, 49s 6d, worth 65s
A Lot of French Chene Silks, 12 to 14 yards, 49s 6d, worth 69s
A Lot of Black Ground French Silks, rich Broche in colours, 14 yards, 69s 6d, worth 87s 6d
50 very beautiful French Silk Dresses, at prices ranging from 4½ Guineas up to 7½ Guineas the Full Dress: prices before the war would be at least double.
A Lot of Coloured Gros de Suez, at 4s 11½d, usual price 5s 11d
A Lot of Coloured Gros Grains, at 5s 11½d, very choice shades of colour
The present Stock of Japanese Silk Dresses will be cleared off at a great reduction; prices from 25s 6d to 39s 6d the Full Dress

Trimmed Robe and Costume Department.

In this Department we hold a very large Stock of Made-up Dresses, Costumes, &c., principally from Berlin, the Prussian manufacturers having been of late very successful in their designs.
Repp and Wincey Trimmed Robes, at 10s 6d, with boddice
Repp Serge and Wincey Trimmed Robes, at 21s, with boddice
Costumes, with Jacket complete, 29s 6d, former price, 42s, in French Merino, Serge, and other Foreign Fabrics
Costumes, with Jacket complete and Lined Flannel, 35s 6d, former price, 50s in Satinlaine, Repp, and Serge, handsomely trimmed
Costumes, with Jacket complete and Lined Flannel, 49s 6d, former price, 63s, in Satinlaine, Satinroyal, and Austrian Cloth.
Costumes of Five Articles, Jacket inclusive at 39s 6d, usual price, 5 and 6 Guineas, very elegant Prussian patterns, trimmed fur, and in other fashionable styles.
A Lot of Black Silk Trimmed Robes and Costumes, from 3½ to 9 Guineas, upon which large reductions have been made
50 Trimmed Robes, with boddice at 10s 6d, Summer Stock
60 Trimmed Robes, with boddice, at 15s 9d, Summer Stock
40 Trimmed Robes, with boddice, at 21s Summer Stock
A few elaborate French Costumes, at 59s 6d, original prices 5 and 6 Guineas
The foregoing Four Lots are of most extraordinary value
Several Lots of Prussian Costumes, complete in Lawn, Linen, and Cambric, will be cleared off at prices ranging from 12s 6d to 39s 6d

Bonnet and Hat Department.

We have bought for cash the Stocks of several eminent Modistes and Hat Manufacturers, at immensely reduced prices, consequent on the continuance of the war. These purchases include a large collection of Millinery, Pattern Bonnets, and Trimmed Hats, in highly distinguished modes. The Hats untrimmed embrace an extensive choice in Velvet, Grebe, and Real Seal. We have confidence and pleasure in assuring our friends that, having regard to the superior excellence of the goods here announced, the prices will be found to offer very extraordinary advantages, as follows :—

RICHARD BATEMAN'S GREAT ANNUAL SALE, CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.

Bonnet and Hat Department—Continued.

Millinery Bonnets, from 10s 9d to 21s, usual price 2 and 3 guineas
Trimmed Hats, from 10s 9d to 21s, usual prices 30s to 2 guineas
Black Silk Velvet Hats, 2s 11d and 3s 6d, worth 7s
Black French Velvet Hats, 5s 11d, worth 9s 6d
White Felt Hats, 3s 6d and 4s 6d, worth 8s 6d
Coloured Velvet Gipsy Hats, 6s 6d, worth 12s 9d
High Crown Seals, 14s 9d, worth 21s
Seal and Grebe, 8s 11d, worth 12s 9d
Seal and Grebe, 12s 9d, worth 21s
We have just received an assortment of elegantly trimmed and untrimmed Straw Bonnets for early Spring, which we shall charge "Sale Prices."

Dress Department.

Comprising Satinlaines, Silk and Wool Repps, Serge, Wincys, French Merinoes, Stuffs, and other Dress Materials, in colours and black The following Lots represent purchases for the Sale, much under value, and the major portion of our ordinary Stock classified into the following Lots. We believe the whole to be of unsurpassed value, and invite comparison.

Lot 1. 2700 Yards best French Satinlaines, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 2. 2370 Yards French Satinlaine, 2s 3d, worth 2s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 3. 2158 Yards French Satinlaine, 1s 11½d, worth 2s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 4. 2978 Yards French Satinlaine, 1s 4½d, worth 1s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 5. 1892 Yards English Satinlaine, 1s 2½d, worth 1s 8½d in colours and black
Lot 6. 2351 Yards English Ribbed Satinlaine, 1s 6½d, worth 1s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 7. 1739 Yards Best French Repp, 3s 11½d, worth 4s 9d, in colours and black
Lot 8. 1943 Yards French All Wool Repp, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 9. 2670 Yards French Silk Repp, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 6d, in colours and black

Dress Department—Continued.

Lot 10. 1032 Yards French All Wool Repp, 1s 11½d, worth 2s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 11. 2051 Yards English Wool Repp, 1s 1½d, worth 1s 6½d, in colours
Lot 12. 1500 Yards English Wool Repp, 1s 0½d, worth 1s 4½d
Lot 13. 1670 Yards English Wool Repp, 9½d, worth 1s 0½d
Lot 14. 972 Yards Best Wool Serge, 1s 11½d, usual value. 2s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 15. 911 Yards Super Wool Serge, 1s 6½d, usual value, 1s 11½d, in colours
Lot 16. 1097 Yards Diagonal Cloth, 10½d, usual value, 1s 2½d, in colours
Lot 17. 3089 Yards French Merinoes, in all shades, 1s 11½d, a very cheap lot, usual value, 2s 6½d, in all colours
Lot 18. 4037 Yards Figured Alpacas and Russel Cords, 7½d, usual value, 10½d
Lot 19. 2009 Yards Real Aberdeen Wincys, 10½d, usual value, 1s 3½d
A Lot of Remnants and Single Dress Lengths, of good materials, all at 6½d per yard
A Lot of Remnants of Satinlaines and Best Materials, all at 1s per yard.
We have much confidence in drawing notice to our Stock of Scottish Tartans, in all the favourite Clan patterns. The Sale prices will be found under those of the manufacturers at Perth
Lot 20. 2350 Yards Best Scottish Kirtle Tartans, at 2s 6d, usual price, 3s. 6d
Lot 21. 1132 Yards 4-4 Scottish Kirtle Tartans, 1s 11½d, usual price, 2s 11½d
Lot 22. 2050 Yards Clan Tartan Camlets, 10½d, usual price, 1s 6½d
Lot 23. 1391 Yards Clan Tartan Satinlaine (best goods), 2s 11½d, usual price, 3s 11½d

Ladies Underclothing Department.

100 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Tucked Skirts, 1s 9½d, 2s 3d, 2s 11d, 3s 6d, 3s 11d, and 4s 11d.

Ladies' Underclothing Department—Continued.

75 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Frilled Skirts, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, up to 9s 11d
90 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Embroidered and Frilled Skirts, 7s 11d, 8s 11d, 10s 11d, up to 25s
60 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Drawers, 1s 6½d, 1s 11½d, and 2s 6d
50 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Drawers, Embroidered, 1s 11½d, 2s 6d, 3s 3d, 3s 11d, 5s 6d, to 10s 9d, handsomely trimmed
40 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Chemises, 1s 11d and 2s 9d
70 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Chemises, Embroidered Fronts, 2s 11d, 3s 9d, 4s 9d, up to 12s 6d
40 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Plain Night Dresses, 2s 11d to 6s 9d
80 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Night Dresses, Embroidered Fronts and Cuffs, 3s 3d, 3s 9d, 4s 6d, 5s 11d, to 16s 9d

Ladies' Irish Cambric Handkerchief Department.

1,000 Dozens, commencing at

1s 3d the Half Dozen	3s 6d the Half Dozen
1s 9d the Half Dozen	4s 6d the Half Dozen
1s 11d the Half Dozen	5s 6d the Half Dozen
2s 3d the Half Dozen	6s 6d the Half Dozen
2s 9d the Half Dozen	7s 6d to 14s the Half Dozen

Ladies' Irish Cambric Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs;—

2s 3d the Half Dozen	4s 6d the Half Dozen
2s 9d the Half Dozen	5s 6d the Half Dozen
3s 6d the Half Dozen	6s 6d the Half Dozen

Fur Department.

The Stock of Furs, which include Sable, Ermine, Miniver, Grebe, &c., &c.; Muffs, Collarettes, Ties, and Cuffs of the best manufacture, will be cleared off at the Cost Prices

Evening Dress Department.

The whole of our Evening Dress Attire, comprising Grenadine, Tarlatan, and Muslin Dresses, Feathers, Flowers, Caps, and Head Dresses, we shall submit at greatly reduced prices

RICHARD BATEMAN,

BRITANNIA HOUSE,

18 & 20, OLDHAM-STREET, AND DALE-STREET, MANCHESTER.

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; DEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d per box.

THE ANNUAL BALL in aid of the Benevolent Fund connected with the Manchester and Salford Licensed Victuallers' Association, will take place at Belle Vue, on Wednesday, the 8th of February, 1871.—by order, GEO. CANDELET, Secretary.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of Meat, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarrantee of genuineness.

Just published, price One Shilling,

HOME TRADE CUTTING; its Causes and Effects: a Review together with the whole of the Letters bearing upon the topic which appeared in the *Manchester Courier*.

Manchester: THOS. SOWLER & SONS, and all Booksellers.

ROYAL POMONA GARDENS.

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EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY

Admission, Sixpence each.

NEW ICE FOR SKATING EVERY MORNING.

DURING THE FROST.

BROWN'S COTTON GLANCE.—The above Circular is published every Monday, and may be had of the Author at a charge of Two-and-a-Half Guineas per annum, payable half-yearly in advance W. L. BROWN,

27, Fitzclarence Street, Liverpool.

ESTABLISHED, 1847.

FURS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.—F. SCHMEHL, Fur Manufactnrer, 9, St. Ann Street, and 133, Oxford Street.

FUR, SEAL, and ASTRACAN JACKETS, Fur Trimmings, Fur Hearth and Carriage Rugs, Buffalo Robes, &c.

DEPILATORY.

WELLS' DEPILATORY is the only *effectual* remedy for the immediate and permanent removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms, neck, &c. This preparation effects its purpose almost instantaneously, without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin. Full particulars on receipt of a stamped directed envelope. JOHN WELLS, 113, Euston-street, near Hampstead-road, London. N.B.—Hundreds of testimonials have been received from the nobility and ladies of rank who have tried this marvellous remedy.

HELL AND ITS TORMENTS, AS DESCRIBED BY EYE-WITNESSES, &c. By T. R. Price 9d. Cloth gilt 1s. 3d. A most Extraordinary Book. London: Geo. J. Stephenson. Manchester: JOHN HEYWOOD. And all Booksellers.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS, Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

"LA SILENCIEUSE"

FAMILY LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE,

FROM SIX GUINEAS,

On the greatly-improved Wheeler and Wilson principle. Manufactured by Pollock, Schmidt, and Co. The movement is soft, silent, and without vibration. For Family use without a rival.

KENDAL, MILNE, & CO.,

DEANSGATE, & POLICE-STREET, SOLE AGENTS.

"THE LITTLE WANZER"

LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE,

PRICE FOUR GUINEAS.

This Machine, on account of its simplicity and great range of work, has been adopted by the

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF EDUCATION IN IRELAND for all the National Schools.

KENDAL, MILNE, & CO., SOLE AGENTS,

DEANSGATE, POLICE-ST., & ST. ANN'S-STREET

CARPETS.

EXCELLENT BRUSSELS

From 3s. 6d. per Yard.

SENIOR AND HOLFORD,

(LATE M'NAUGHTS)

CITY CARPET AND FLOORCLOTH WAREHOUSE,

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CORNELIUS SHEERS, 84, SHUDEHILL.
The Best and Cheapest Paper Hangings in Manchester. Paper Hangings and Decorations at Wholesale Prices.

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List of Tradesmen,
OR GUIDE TO SHOPPING.

(For Terms for Advertising in this List apply to THOMAS POWELL, 39, *Blackfriars Street.)*

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

HAMPSON, Piccadilly. Proprietor of the Fluodentine for Teeth; also Payne's Taraxacum Cocoa.

FURNITURE DEALERS.

GIBSON, Furniture Dealer, 78 Oldham Street, and 90 to 96, Stretford Road.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHERS, 88, Deansgate.

GENERAL DRAPERS.

RICHARD BATEMAN, 18 and 20, Oldham Street, and Dale Street. Particular attention to his Annual Sale, which is now taking place.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A. LAFOSSE, 32, Victoria Street.

JAMES THORNTON, Jun.,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
103, STOCKPORT ROAD (Opposite Shakespere-street), having recently commenced business on his own account, respectfully solicits the support of his neighbourhood. For many years connected with a leading family house in the county, of over one hundred years' standing, and **buying everything direct from the producer**, he is in a position to enter into an honourable competition with the leading houses in town.

If, therefore, the neighbouring gentry would kindly favour him with one trial, he trusts they will never have occasion to regret the encouragement thus given to a young beginner.

SPECIALITIES.

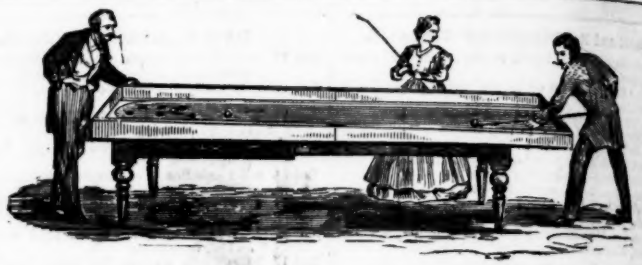
Finest Imported Marsala.....20s. per doz.
Dinner Wine, guaranteed a pure Sherry ..30s. per doz.
Irish and Scotch Whiskies.....18s. and 21s. per gal.

HETHERINGTON'S COUGH LOZENGES. The best and safest remedy for coughs; relieves the difficulty of breathing in Asthma. To be had from most respectable chemists and confectioners, in 3d. and 6d. boxes; or, direct from he depot.—HETHERINGTON, wholesale confectioner, 18, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.—7lb. parcels carriage paid o any part of the kingdom.

COOKE'S
LUNCHEON BAR,
Nearly opposite and the right of Prince's Theatre.

Trade Mark.

Sausage and Mashed Potatoes always ready, 4d.



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From 35s.

WRITE FOR THE NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PRICES FOR 100 IN-DOOR GAMES. Post Free.

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THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,
LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.

FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY,
MESSRS. FRENCH & ANGELO!
In their
Wondrous Performance on the Double Trapeze.

MR. & MRS. WEST,
THE NEGRO DUETTISTS,
IN THEIR
BURLESQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. W. WEST,
WILL ALSO APPEAR AS
THE CELEBRATED STUMP ORATOR.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY,
MR. GEO. BUCKSTONE,
The Great Comic Vocalist.

BROTHERS BALE,
THE CELEBRATED JUGGLERS.

PROFESSOR BROWN,
CHAMPION BYCICLE RIDER,
IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE
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FIRST APPEARANCE OF
MISS WEBSTER,
Soprano and Ballad Vocalist.

ENGAGEMENT OF
MR. TOM SAYERS,
Comic Vocalist,
SON OF THE LATE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24TH,
BENEFIT OF
FRENCH & ANGELO.

NO ALTERATION OF PRICES.

WAR VICTIMS' FUND, for the Relief of the Non-combatant Sufferers in the Districts Devastated by the War, distributed by unpaid Commissioners of the Society of Friends.

Subscriptions may be paid at the King Street Branch of the District Bank, or to

JOHN HODGSON, 51, Piccadilly,
WILLIAM BRADSHAW, Eccles New Road,
Secretaries to the Local Committee.

THIS EVENING, at 7 30.—Engagement of PABLO FANQUE. An Entire Change of Programme.
ROYAL HIPPODROME, PETER STREET.
Box office open from eleven till three.

THE QUEEN'S BUILDING SOCIETY.
Head Offices, 95, BRIDGE-ST., MANCHESTER.
Notice is hereby given that the SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING of members will be held at the Commercial Exchange on Tuesday, February 14, 1871.—Chair to be taken at half-past seven o'clock. By order.
Members are requested to leave their pass-books at the offices, in order that the same may be balanced and compared with the Society's ledgers.

JUST ARRIVED FROM PARIS, via Belgium, a Large Consignment of FRENCH CLOTHES, in various colours. Will be sold 30 per cent below the market price, by CHAMBERS & CO., 4[illegible] and Navy Clothiers, 24 and 25, Old Millgate, Manchester.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—CATHOLIC ART REPOSITORY, 64, OLDHAM STREET, three doors from Great Ancoats Street. Christmas, New Year, and Birth-day CARDS and PRESENTS. A splendid selection of Christmas [illegible] Paintings, Ivory, &c., Carvings. Wholesale and [illegible]

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This purifying and regulating medicine should occasionally be had recourse to during foggy, cold, wet weather. It is the best preventive of [illegible] sore throat, diptheria, pleurisy, and asthma and a remedy for congestion, bronchitis, and [illegible] Attention to the directions folded round each box enable invalids to take the Pills in the most advantageous manner; they will be taught the proper [illegible] the circumstances under which they must be [illegible] or diminished. Holloway's Pills act as [illegible] aperients, and tonics. When taken as a last resource the result has always been gratifying: even when they fail to cure they always assuage the severity of the symptoms and diminish the danger.

J. C. EDWARDS, TOBACCONIST, &C., Manufacturer of the Piccadilly Smoking Mixture. Importer of Foreign Cigars, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes. 107, PICCADILLY.